



The struggle is real



👁 8 ✓ 0 ★ 1

Chapter 1 by Erick

I woke up, one Saturday, it was 8 in the morning, its dark, feels and looks like its 7 at night, I felt hungry, I stood up, I called my mom, dad and my brother and my sister, no one is answering, I looked around the house, I was alone..

"Where is everybody?", I asked myself.

I went out, all the stores are closed, all the other houses' doors are closed. no one is around, its very quiet.

I walked down the road, hoping to see anyone I know, until I saw bridge, I said to myself, "I don't remember a bridge near our house", so I looked back to check our place and I couldn't see it, I know I was just a few minutes away, but it felt like I was in another dimension.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8 (1 draft)

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